

GIGANTIC FREE POSTER INSIDE

MARVEL
10th Mar 90

THE REAL

Nº91 45p

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GHOSTBUSTERS™

AN EIGHTY
FOOT PHANTOM
WHALE! I FIND
THAT HARD TO
'SWALLOW!'

ISSN 0954-9404



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A vast ye land-lubbers, and welcome to issue ninety-one of **The Real Ghostbusters**. This week you can really get your teeth stuck into some rip-roaring ectoplasmic adventure when Peter and Winston row, row, row their boat gently out to sea. Well, that's probably what Peter thinks he's doing but it looks like he and Winston are heading for a real *whale* of a time! Anyway, that whale will be biting off more than it can chew when it tangles with these boating Ghostbusters in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

The Ghostbusters might also be forgiven for wondering who is sitting in Janine's chair, when a *devilish double* takes her place in **Rogue Receptionist!** Not only that, though, as you can enjoy the fourteenth instalment of the **Ghostbusters II** film adaptation and an extra special free Ghostbusters poster! Can't say fairer than that, can you?

CONTENTS

Rogue Receptionist!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
Winston's Diary!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: The Amok Behemoth!	13
Dead True!	14
Ghostbusters II-Part Fourteen	15
Ghost Writing	20
Spectral Spectrum Page	21
Slime Time!/Newsagents' Coupon	23
Next Issue! Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

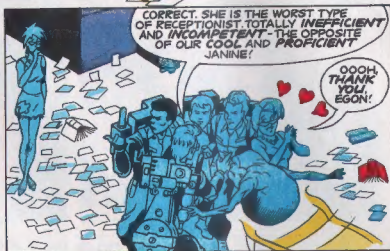
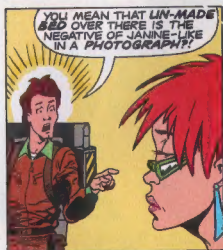


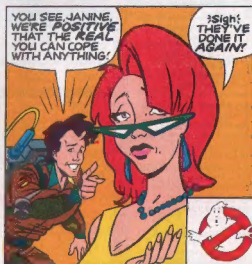
ROGUE receptionist!











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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT GUIDE



PART 91

MOODY DIRK

The vast and vengeful spirit of Moody Dirk was first sighted in 1891 from the foredeck of the brig *Adoon* by first under-deck Boy-Swain Ricky Tikkytavey. Young Ricky was in the middle of splicing the main-brace when he spotted a vast shape on the starboard bow. Ricky shouted for the Captain to get down off the starboard bow so that he could get a clearer view of the even vaster shape bearing down on the *Adoon*. In horror, they realised it was a spectral great white whale, fully "ten fathoms from big sharp pointy end to massive waving about flippery end" as Ricky reported afterwards. This was Moody Dirk, who in the years that followed, became a scourge of the Shipping Lanes, a menace to the Tradewinds and an all-round nuisance in Ilfracombe Marina. It was Moody Dirk who sank the nine-masted Schooner *Rantzen* with one blow of his mighty tail, it was Moody Dirk who forced the ketch *Asketchcan* aground at Widnes, shaking it from side to side as he drove it up the beach in panic. That's right, he shook the ketch up. It was Moody Dirk who also holed the *SS Hypochondria*,

drove the HMS *Scatter-cushion* into an iceberg and beat the Captain of the frigate *Placebo* at Yah-tse, whilst blindfold and playing a pair of spoons secured, for the purpose, in his blow hole with eight yards of masking tape and a shoe-horn.

A Note On The Text


I digress from my salty, high-seas adventure narrative here for a moment to point out that I really have been working hard to research nautical terms this week, and I really think that I've got the atmosphere of the great days of sail. I beg your pardon, Peter? ... and what's wrong with *My First Book Of Sailing Boats* and *Rollicking Yarns From Before The Mast* might I ask? They are both very highly thought of academic works. I now (yo ho ho and

a bottle of rum! If I might be so bold as to interject) feel myself to be something of a maritime expert ... I will now continue with my essay, and will attempt to make it even more naval. Er ... ahoy there! Where was I? Ah yes, shiver my timbers, I was recounting the myth of Moody Dirk. Avast behind! Well, that's quite true, in fact, because Dirk was a huge animal. It is believed that Dirk was the spirit of a monstrous whale that many whalers in the nineteenth century tried to catch but failed to do. Good thing too, if you ask me, yo ho ho, as whaling is a pretty nasty habit. Anyway, Jim-lad, after years of persecution at the hands of man, Dirk finally passed away of natural causes (maybe his krill was off, or a squid went down the wrong way) and all that was left of him was an embodiment of the anger and wrath he had felt during his lifetime against mankind. Pieces of eight, pieces of eight. The last recorded sighting of Moody Dirk was in Basingstoke Library in 1977, where he was spotted enquiring after a large print edition of *Biggles Flies Back To Front*. It is believed that he is not quite so angry anymore.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **ANDY LANNING** and **STEPHEN BASKERVILLE**

Monday, 5th March 1990

"Call me Winston," I said breezily to the massive figure of Captain Jonah A. Habb as he limped menacingly into the Ghostbuster front office, his peg-leg thumping on the floorboards like something hard and heavy bouncing off something big and wooden. Egon hitting Peter on the head with a copy of Vondahuck's *Great Gibbets of Eurasia and Kidderminster*, for example.

"I'm looking for the Great Puce Whale!" announced Habb in a voice that sounded like it was locked in a lobster pot and crusted with barnacles. "Have ye seen her? I be searching for Moody Dirk!"

"Her?" I asked, wishing that a more useful question had sprung to mind.

"Aye! We sailors call everything 'her' or 'she'. Moody Dirk may be called Dirk, but, by the great tradewinds that whip round Senegal, whallop round the Cape and hoot up the Medina, he be a she! Now if you can't help me, fetch your boffins here. The one called Spengler."

"She's in the back," I said, hurrying off. About half an hour later, Egon had prised the story out of the huge, and decidedly salty old sea dog. It wasn't an easy task, as everything was uttered with a great oath or sea-faring expression. I counted at least nine occasions when the

great tradewinds hooted up, in, down and back out of things as far apart as Tasmania and Lord Nelson's left trouser leg.

The problem was, it seemed, that for nine generations, Habb's ancestor had been locked in a mighty feud with a massive whale called Moody Dirk that had been hunted by the original Captain Habb and had returned as a vengeful



ghost to plague the family year after year. Jonah A. Habb had had enough. He had come to the Ghostbusters to ask them to put an end to Dirk once and for all.

"This Dirk must have caused you and your family a lot of problems," said Peter, somewhat awestruck by the imposing fellow. "Did h-she er . . . bite off your leg?"

"No," replied Habb.

"So your peg-leg isn't made of a single massive whale tooth then?" added Peter.

"No," said Habb. "It's tupperware!"

So it was that Peter was volunteered for whale-busting duty. I was sent along as well, mainly for being the one who let Habb into HQ in the first place, and also, I have a sneaking suspicion, because I called Egon 'her' a couple of times too many. So there we were, displaying a



massively brilliant competence in circles in Nantucket Sound because Peter could only find one oar and insisted that he could only row to the left. Peter had finished singing 'Sixteen men on a dead man's chest, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!' for the twelfth time and was just saying 'I think this whole idea is just a little bit too much to swallow,' when I got a first hand chance to count how many teeth a hundred-foot phantom whale has got.



"It's gone dark," said Peter.

"Uh huh," I replied, not sure quite how to break the news to him.

"Has, perhaps, a cloud passed across the sun causing a twilight gloom to fall all around us?" he ventured.

"Not as such," I replied.

"Then have we shut our eyes in a moment of physical aberration and caused everything to appear as black as the inside of a whale's stomach?"

"Not really, but in a funny way you're getting warmer," I said.

"Any chance that it is the result of an unexpected solar eclipse and that that rumbling is your tum requiring food?"

"I ain't a solar eclipse, and it ain't my tum," I said. "Peter there's something you've got to know . . ."

The fishermen who were minding their

own business on the shores on Nantucket Sound said later that they too were surprised by the appearance of a hundred-foot long puce whale so close to land without hearing the shriek "YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING!" come echoing out of its innards.



The whale, they said, looked uncomfortable and kind of sick, as if it was suffering from one heck of a case of indigestion.

Just as it seemed to be about to crawl up the shore in an effort to find someone selling anti-acid krill, there was a deafening and dazzling explosion. When the smoke cleared and the fishermen picked themselves up out of their bait trays, the whale had gone and in its place there was a small boat with these two confused looking guys sitting in it.

Peter switched off his Proton Gun. I wiped ecto-blubber off my face.

"Peter," I said, "in future don't bust things when we're inside them, okay?"

"Hey!" he said with a grin. "What are you so blue about? We had a whale of a time! Don't get in a humpback about it. We won and it was no fluke!"

I sighed. "You said a mouthful there."



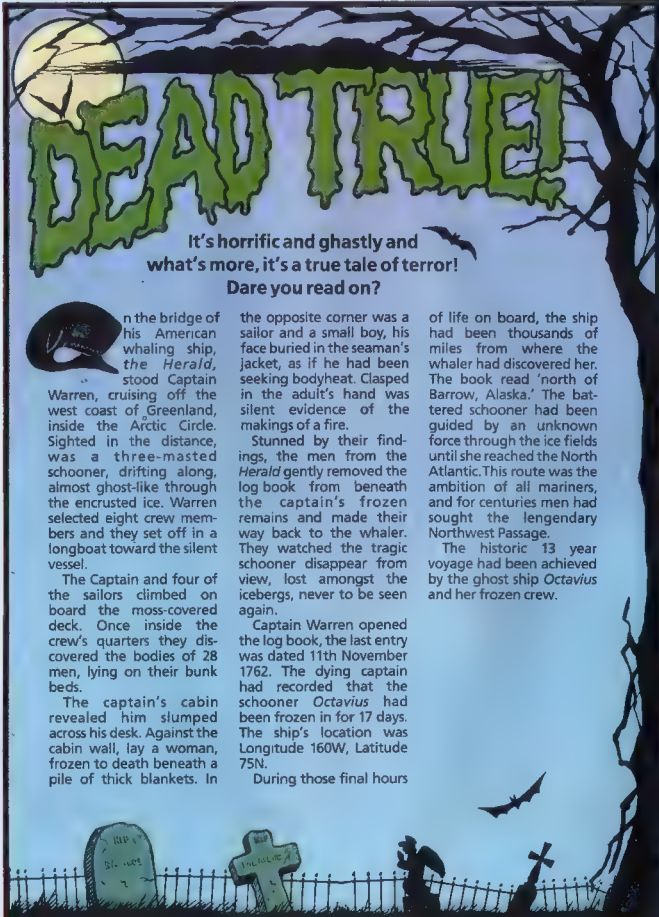
AMOK BEHEMOTH

This huge, gigantic monster was all the work of the Andy Anorakus, the comic strip artist, who had created the monster for the latest issue of Captain Champion: Hero of the Free West.

A strange figure dressed in a long, dark cloak (bearing

more than a passing resemblance to Doctor Squid from the above named comic) pointed a strange gun at the artist's work and suddenly the creature had come to life, was several storeys tall and was eating New York piece by piece. The team of armed SWAT police had proved no match for the gargantuan creature, but the Real Ghostbusters, with their unlicensed nuclear accelerators were able to dispose of the monster in true comic style.






DEAD TRUE!

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On the bridge of his American whaling ship, the *Herald*, stood Captain Warren, cruising off the west coast of Greenland, inside the Arctic Circle. Sighted in the distance, was a three-masted schooner, drifting along, almost ghost-like through the encrusted ice. Warren selected eight crew members and they set off in a longboat toward the silent vessel.

The Captain and four of the sailors climbed on board the moss-covered deck. Once inside the crew's quarters they discovered the bodies of 28 men, lying on their bunk beds.

The captain's cabin revealed him slumped across his desk. Against the cabin wall, lay a woman, frozen to death beneath a pile of thick blankets. In

the opposite corner was a sailor and a small boy, his face buried in the seaman's jacket, as if he had been seeking bodyheat. Clapsed in the adult's hand was silent evidence of the makings of a fire.

Stunned by their findings, the men from the *Herald* gently removed the log book from beneath the captain's frozen remains and made their way back to the whaler. They watched the tragic schooner disappear from view, lost amongst the icebergs, never to be seen again.

Captain Warren opened the log book, the last entry was dated 11th November 1762. The dying captain had recorded that the schooner *Octavius* had been frozen in for 17 days. The ship's location was Longitude 160W, Latitude 75N.

During those final hours

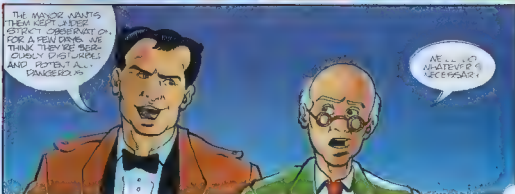
of life on board, the ship had been thousands of miles from where the whaler had discovered her. The book read 'north of Barrow, Alaska.' The battered schooner had been guided by an unknown force through the ice fields until she reached the North Atlantic. This route was the ambition of all mariners, and for centuries men had sought the legendary Northwest Passage.

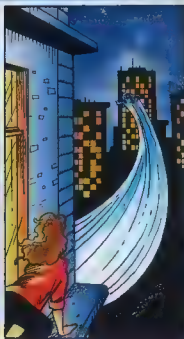
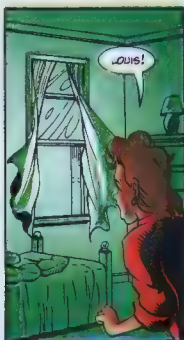
The historic 13 year voyage had been achieved by the ghost ship *Octavius* and her frozen crew.

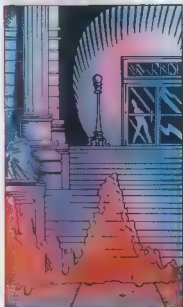
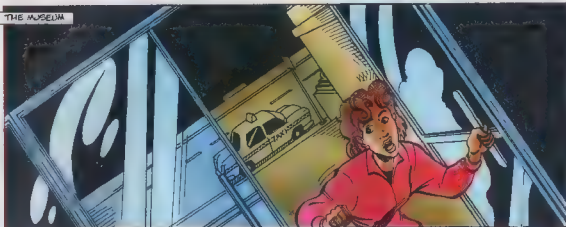


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ in GHOSTBUSTERS II

Part Fourteen: Vigo the
Carpathian, scourge of
Moldavia, is about to
return from the grave.
But can the Ghostbusters
save the Mayor?

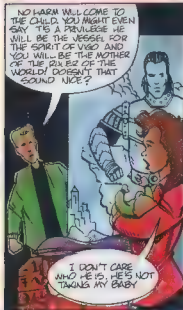






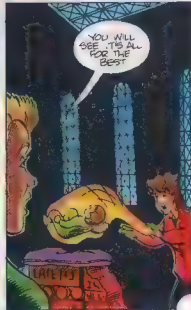
I KNEW
YOU WOULD
COME

WHAT DO
YOU WANT
WITH MY
BABY?

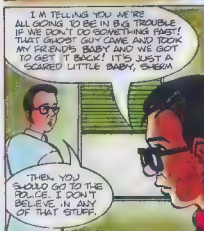


NO HARM WILL COME TO
THE CHILD. YOU MIGHT EVEN
GAIN THE PRIVILEGE HE
WILL BE THE HEIR FOR
THE SPIRIT OF VIGO AND
YOU WILL BE THE MOTHER
OF THE RULER OF THE
WORLD! DOESN'T THAT
SOUND NICE?

I DON'T CARE
WHO HE IS. HE'S NOT
TAKING MY BABY



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FOR THE
BEST



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Dear Peter. . .

Will you please answer these crucial Ghostbusters questions for me?

1. Do you like Slimer?
2. Do you eat a lot of food?
3. Do you like flying in Ecto-2?
4. Do you like living in Ghostbusters HQ?

— John, Bradford

1. Well, if you really want me to tell you frankly, no holds barred, I would have to say. . . I'll get back to you on that! 2. Mmm, food. Can't say I eat too much of the stuff, but a good few slices of West Pier Pizza never did anyone any harm! 3. I prefer riding in Ecto-2, rather than dangling underneath it anytime! 4. Well let's face it, it's got to be the safest place to rest one's weary head! I'd rather be

there than in a spooky house.

1. Is there a Ghostbusting robot?
2. Can you tell me where to get a copy of Tobin's Spirit Guide?

— Jack Scott, Stowmarket.

1. Where were you when Issue fifty came out? If you missed it, you missed a near legendary issue. If you didn't miss it then maybe it's about time you read it! 2. Tobin's is a pretty rare book. I would say that it was safer to read Spengler's Spirit Guide quite thoroughly, as not only does he refer to many things from Tobin's but also from a wide variety of other writers.

I have some questions to ask Egon:

1. Do you like Ray, Peter and Winston?
2. How are they doing?
3. How is Slimer doing?
4. Could you put another cool story in your comic, like the one on page fifteen of The Real Ghostbusters Issue eighty-five? I really liked it!

—Martin Pirie, Aberdeen

Egon says: 1. Ray, Peter and Winston are my closest and best friends. 2. Well, they are doing okay, but I sometimes wonder about Peter's sense of responsibility. 3. Slimer is doing fine. He is an incredibly useful aid to acquiring knowledge on all paranormal forms. 4. The serialisation of GHOSTBUSTERS II runs in this comic every week, but I am glad that you like it.

I have some questions for all

1. What was the scariest mission you have been on, Peter?
2. If you made another weapon, what would you call it, Egon?
3. Ray, now you have Ecto-2, what have you done with Ecto-1?
4. Winston, what would you do to Peter if he zapped Slimer with the Proton Gun?

— Jonathan Dwyer, Basildon

Right then, Jonathan. 1. They're all so terrifying that it becomes hard to decide, but if I was really pushed I would have to say this week's mission! Or maybe last week's! 2. No, I don't think we'd call it Egon. That would be just plain confusing! 3. Ray says that we haven't done anything with Ecto-1. It still gets used as often, if not more so, than before! 4. Winston wouldn't dare do anything against his good buddy, Venky baby! Anyway, I wouldn't do anything as nasty as that to the ol' spud!

Please can you answer my question:

Where did you get all the stuff from to make the things like the Proton Gun and the Ecto-Containment Unit?

— Susan Caleym, South Ascot.

Ray is really the expert when it comes to putting something together from next to nothing. He just salvages off bits of metal, plastic etc., and makes something utterly unique from them!

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What is a mechanical cow that eats grass?

A lawn-mooer!

— Michael Elliott, Cumbria.

What tree has no leaves?

A lava-tree!

— Mark Ayliffe, London.

Where do ghosts go swimming?

In the Dead Sea!

— Bryn Lynas, Anglesey.

What did the mother ghost say to the child ghost?

"Don't spook until you're spooked to."

When vampires go to jail, where are they kept?

In blood cells.

What is the first thing ghosts do when they get into a car?

They fasten their sheet belts!

— Andrew Francis, Kent.



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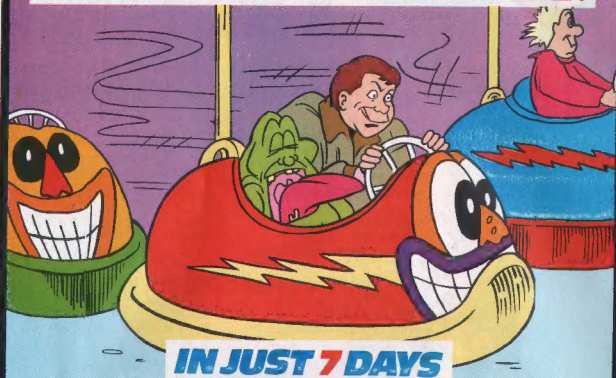
NAME

ADDRESS

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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN
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ALL THE FUN OF THE SCARE!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

HOWDY DOODEE, DAISY THE PEC-DITE - DAISY THE PRIVATE EYE-SPY! SLIMER SUPPOSED TO LOOK AFTER CHUCK THE DEMON'S PET POOCH, BUT ME-HE LOSE IT! HAVE YOU-HOO SEEN IT ABOUT-OUT?



DOES IT HAVE TWO HEADS? BIG LONG TEETH? IS IT PURPLE, WITH THREE CLAWS ON EACH FOOT, AND WINGS ON IT'S BACK?



DAISY, YOU A BRILL-FABBO PRIVATE EYE-SPY! HOW COME YOU-HOO KNOW ALL DAT DERE?

YIPES!



DAISY? WHERE YOU FUN-RUN OFF TO?

BAMBOS1